



# "I was there"

with the  
Yanks  
in France

Sketches  
by

C. LeRoy Baldridge  
Private, A.E.F.

I am a heritage because I  
bring you years of thought  
and the lore of time —  
I impart yet I can not speak —  
I have traveled among the  
peoples of the earth — I  
am a rover — Oft-times  
I stray from the fireside  
of the one who loves and  
cherishes me — who  
misses me when I am  
gone — Should you find  
me vagrant please send  
me home — among my  
brothers — on the book  
shelves of .....

ALFRED SANTELL















Andenarde Belgium  
Nov. 11/1918

If you had listened then I guess you'd heard  
A sort of sigh from everybody there,  
But all we did was stand and stare and stare,  
Just stare and stand and never say a word.

(See last page.)

# “I WAS THERE”

WITH THE YANKS  
ON THE WESTERN FRONT  
1917-1919

BY  
C. LEROY BALDRIDGE  
PVT. A. E. F.

TOGETHER WITH VERSES  
BY  
HILMAR R. BAUKHAGE  
PVT. A. E. F.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
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1919

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C. LEROY BALDRIDGE



## TO OUR MOTHERS

Ours the Great Adventure,  
Yours the pain to bear,  
Ours the golden service stripes,  
Yours the marks of care.

If all the Great Adventure  
The old Earth ever knew,  
Was ours and in this little book  
'Twould still belong to you!





## These Sketches

were made during a year's service as a camion driver with the French army in the Chemin-des-Dames sector and a year's service with the A.E.F. as an infantry private on special duty with "The Stars and Stripes," the official A.E.F. newspaper. Most of them were drawn at odd minutes during the French push of 1917 near Fort Malmaison, at loading parks and along the roadside while on truck convoy, and while on special permission to draw and paint with the French army given me by the Grand Quartier Général during the time I was stationed at Soissons. The rest were drawn on American fronts from the Argonne to Belgium as my duties took me from one offensive to another.

It has been a keen regret to me that my artistic skill has been so unequal to these opportunities. The sketches do not sufficiently show war for the stupid horror I know it to be.

I hope, however, they may serve as a record of doughboy types, of the people he lived with in France, with whom he suffered and by whose side he fought.

Many appeared first in "The Stars and Stripes," "Leslie's Weekly," and "Scribner's Magazine," through the courtesy of whose editors I am now enabled to reprint them.

C. E. Roy Baldridge  
Private, Am. E. F.

June 1919

**I WAS THERE**

Sunny  
France



Warming up  
the "corned  
willy" over  
"corned  
beef"  
(solidified  
alcohol)



Rain  
overhead  
and  
mud underfoot

Balding's Near Montfaucon 18





The Tank

C. L. Baldridge  
PT. AFB  
1-1

Fighting  
Trim  
—



C. Roy Baldridge —



America's old home sector  
-first trenches entirely under  
their own command

Seicheprey  
America's old home sector.

C. L. Roy Baldridge April '19

## THE LINE

Form a line !

Get in line !

From the time that I enlisted  
And since Jerry armististed  
I've been standing, kidding, cussing,  
I've been waiting, fuming, fussing,  
In a line.

I have stood in line in mud and slime and sleet,  
With the dirty water oozing from my feet,  
I have soaked and slid and slipped,  
While my tacky slicker dripped,  
And I wondered what they'd hand me out to eat.

Get in Line !

For supplies and for inspections,  
With the dust in four directions,  
For a chance to scrub the dirt off,  
In the winter with my shirt off,  
In a line.

I have sweated in an August training camp,  
That would make a prohibition town look damp,  
Underneath my dinky cap  
While the sun burned off my map  
And I waited for some gold-fish (and a cramp!).

Get in line !

For rice, pay-day, pills, and ration,  
For corned-willy, army fashion,  
In Hoboken, in the trenches,  
In a station with the Frenchies,  
In a line.

I've been standing, freezing, sweating,  
Pushing, shoving, wheezing, fretting,  
And I won't be soon forgetting  
Though I don't say I'm regretting  
That I stood there, with my buddies,  
In a line.





For Captain Baldridge  
J.E.F.

# The lids we wear =





He used to  
hunt rabbits  
in Kentucky

R.B.

Chas Roy Baldridge

—  
The job  
that's never  
ended  
—



—  
Cleaning  
up for  
inspection  
—



First time in two weeks!

Montmerci

1874



The letter from home

reading



### The Ration Detail

a job which no one relishes. Each day the other fellows' artillery tries to lay down a fire which will keep those boys from getting back. They travel to where their supply company has dumped the food from mule carts - the point nearest front where creaking wheels may go. The man in the center is carrying a string of French beans, the round, black variety common before we got our own tinsies started.







The traditional Company of the Reserve United taking its bath at Company  
Farm. The tub is a tin lined square for its used by the people of  
Kastur in the sea from the place.

## “PREPARE FOR ACTION”

I ran into Johnny Redlegs  
A-sitting on his bus,  
And I asked him why the devil  
He dropped half his shells on us.  
He just smiles and puffs his corn-cob,  
As peaceful as a Persian,  
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can’t blame me,  
You gotta blame dispersion.”

I says to Johnny Redlegs,  
“If I didn’t have nine lives  
Your barrage would have got me  
With those lousy seventy-fives.”  
He grins and puffs his corn-cob,  
And then he winks, reflective,  
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can’t blame me  
If you pass your damn objective.”

I says to Johnny Redlegs  
(Just kidding him, you know),  
“The trouble with your popgun is  
She pops too gol-darned slow.”  
Then Redlegs drops his corn-cob  
And spits on both his han’s,  
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can kid with me  
And the whole damned Field Artilleree,  
But there’ll be a dud where you used to be  
If you kid my swasont-cans!”



now a great bonus who looks just like you  
6 June



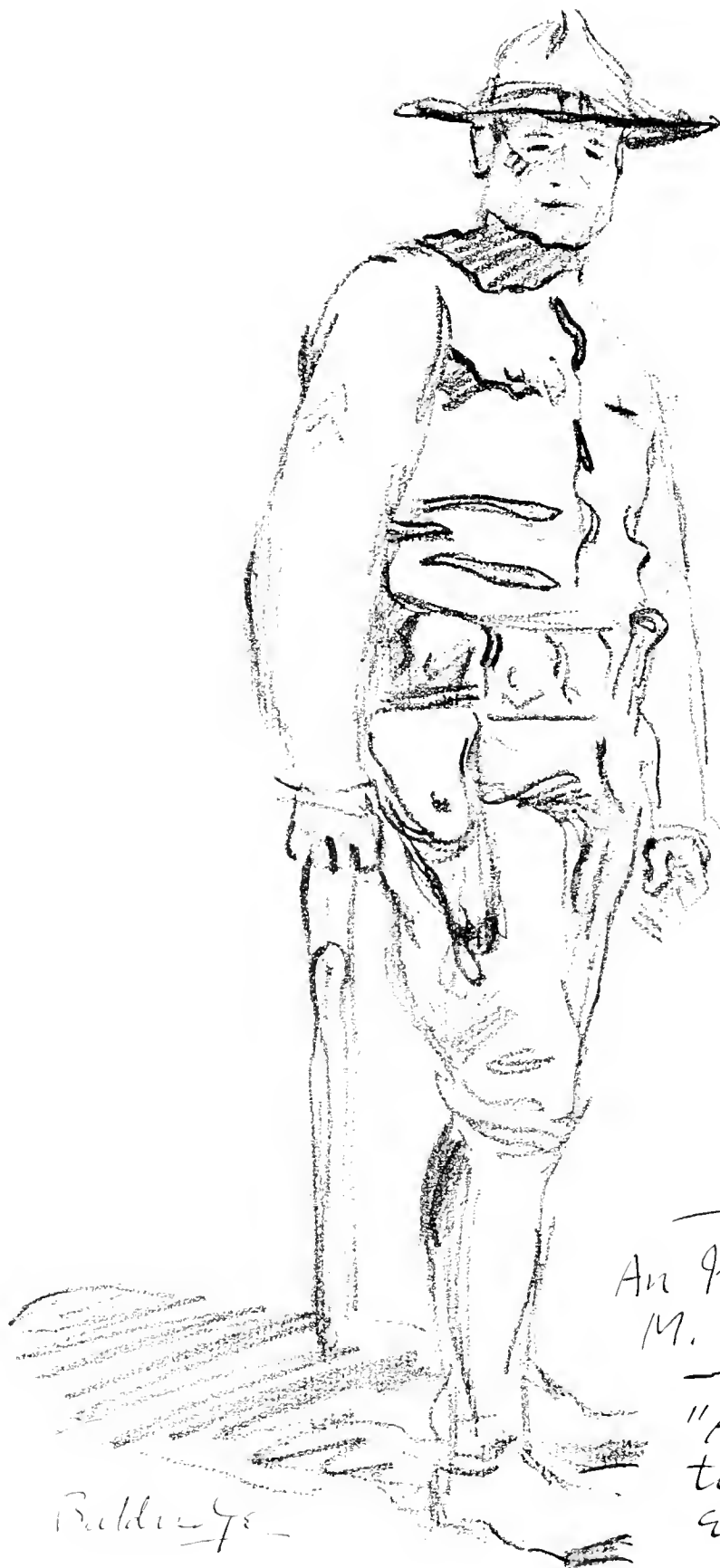
"Johnny Redlegs"  
guardian of  
the  
soixante-  
quatre  
(the famous  
French 75)

and the  
doughboy who  
tries to keep  
just the right  
distance from  
the  
covering  
barrage  
fire

C. E. Roy Baldridge  
France



The Bugs"-  
Two men, French style tanks



Baldwin

An Indian  
M. P.

"A Chance  
to get "  
even"



A survival  
of the old  
regular army.

— H. R. H. H. H.



(Lt Roy Baldridge)

—  
Among the  
first  
sent  
across

—  
They served  
with the French  
in '17





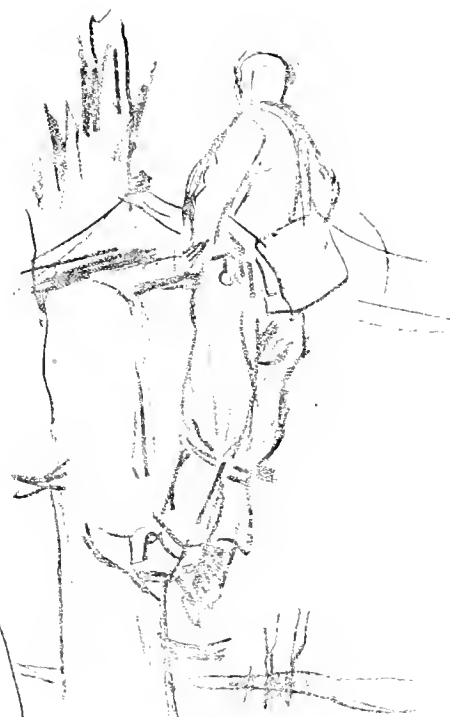
*Reading their shirts*



Her boy too -



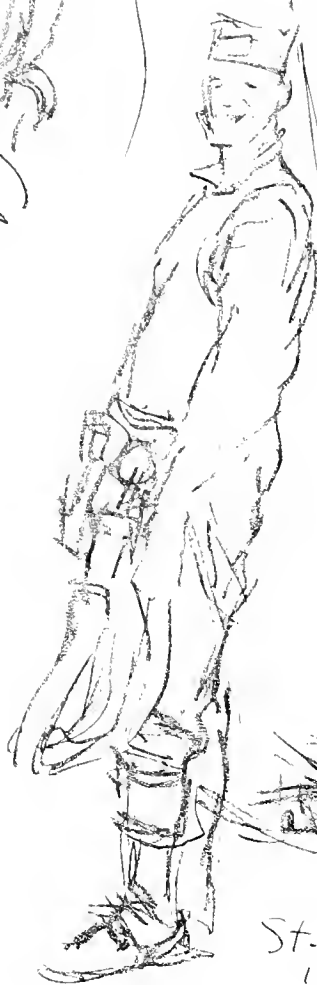
American and French field artillery gun crews camped together in a wood near Chassany. The canvas overhead keeps the fire from being observed by aeroplanes at night.



Using a  
steel shock  
tree for  
a tele. rack  
pole

The line man  
at the front

Same old job  
with just a  
couple percent  
more risk  
than usual



St. Michel  
1918

# Dumb Beasts



In the  
Missouri  
draft



Wagon train  
tricks: "land"  
and "blend"

Former refugee  
- now mascot  
and the  
only



man  
in the  
outfit  
who  
likes

monkey meat

Yanks  
with  
French  
Type  
of Anti-  
Aircraft

C. H. Roy Baldrige





The  
Aeroplane  
Fight

Chas. B. ...  
1915

## RELIEF

z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-e-e-e-e-E-E - - - - - b Boom!

There's another!

God, this pack is heavy.  
Glad I pinched the extra willy,  
Guess I'll need it.  
And the sweater, too,  
out there.

-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-E-E-E-EEEEEE- - b Boom!

There's another!

Jesse! that was a close one.  
Wonder if.....good Christ! Where's Charlie?  
Got him clean. God curse those Jerries!  
I'll get even, — p'raps —  
out there.

z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-E-E-E-E-e-e- - - - - b Boom!

There's another!

Over!

Well, if one has my name on it  
Then the gov'ment pays ten thousand.  
What's the use? I couldn't spend it.  
Leastways not —  
out there.

z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-e-e-e-e-e-E-E-E-E- - - b Boom!

There's another!

Where'd I put that plug of Climax?  
Oh, I s'pose somebody swiped it.  
Gee, I never thought that Charlie...  
Glad I ain't out on the wire.  
This damn trench is dark — ouch! Damn it,  
Wait a minute.... Hell, I'm coming,  
I can't run in this equipment.  
What the hell's the rush to get —  
out there?





### The Relief

Coming up to the front lines through the communication trenches, which extend a kilometer or so. On these occasions little love is lost on "beautiful moonlight nights"

C. Le Roy Baldrige 1918





The roofs of Vieux  
after a few minutes of quiet  
thought



"The Germans have gone!"

Baldridge  
St. Albans



The shell hole  
Central



On  
Guard



The noncombatant—

The family with whom I:  
lived in Soissons



In 1870  
Grandpère  
was taken as a  
prisoner to  
Cottentz



Madam  
Framary  
who sewed on  
my buttons  
and who  
transformed  
miserable  
French  
army  
rations  
into  
marvelous  
dishes



Erasmé,  
the young-  
est son who  
starts his  
three years of  
compulsory  
training in the  
fall 1919



The eldest son  
After his three  
years of training  
he was called to war.  
He has never come  
back.

Er. Roy Baldridge - Soissons - 1918





Capt Roy Baldridge  
 France 1917

Hearing his signal to  
 attack. The sergeant is  
 ready to blow the whistle  
 for his squad to follow  
 him out through a path  
 in the barbed wire. In  
 another minute they  
 will advance close  
 behind the bursting shells  
 of a heavy barrage which,  
 lifting, will lead them  
 face to face with German  
 machine guns.



"American Field Service"  
drivers at Longport, 1917



Nov. 9.

The Paro Bus  
 many kilometers from the Place de l'Opéra -  
 used for transporting troops, horses, and fresh meat to the front

## FATIGUE

You can see 'em in the movies,  
With the sunlight on their guns,  
You can read in all the papers  
Of the charge that licked the Huns,  
You can read of "khaki heroes"  
And of "gleaming bayonet,"  
But there's one thing that the writers  
And the artist all forget:

That's me!

On K. P.

In my suit of denim blue  
I am thinking—not of you—  
But the places where I'd like the top to be!

On the posters in the windows,  
In the monthly magazine,  
Are the boys in leather leggings  
Such as Pershing's never seen;  
Oh, they love to paint 'em pretty,  
All dressed up and fit to kiss,—  
Ain't it funny there's a picture  
That they always seem to miss?

Bless me soul,

Loading coal!

In my little shimmy-shirt,  
Eyes and mouth full up with dirt—  
(In the next war I'll be living at the Pole.)



William Balchbridge

—  
Built  
for  
speed  
—



and with  
light pack  
to match  
—

P.B.  
Belleau Wood  
• 1918  
A Marine



Baldridge  
Fall 1919

"Steady, buddy!"



Never too far  
gone for a  
Smoke



But he wears the "Legion of  
Honor and the "Croix de  
guerre" —





Captain Baldry  
Vailly - 1917

The "Territorial"  
the name given  
French poilu  
between the ages  
of 34 and 40





We are all waiting  
for the potlatch (big German planes) to go home



The veteran  
of the Spanish-  
American war  
tells you  
how it  
ought to  
be done

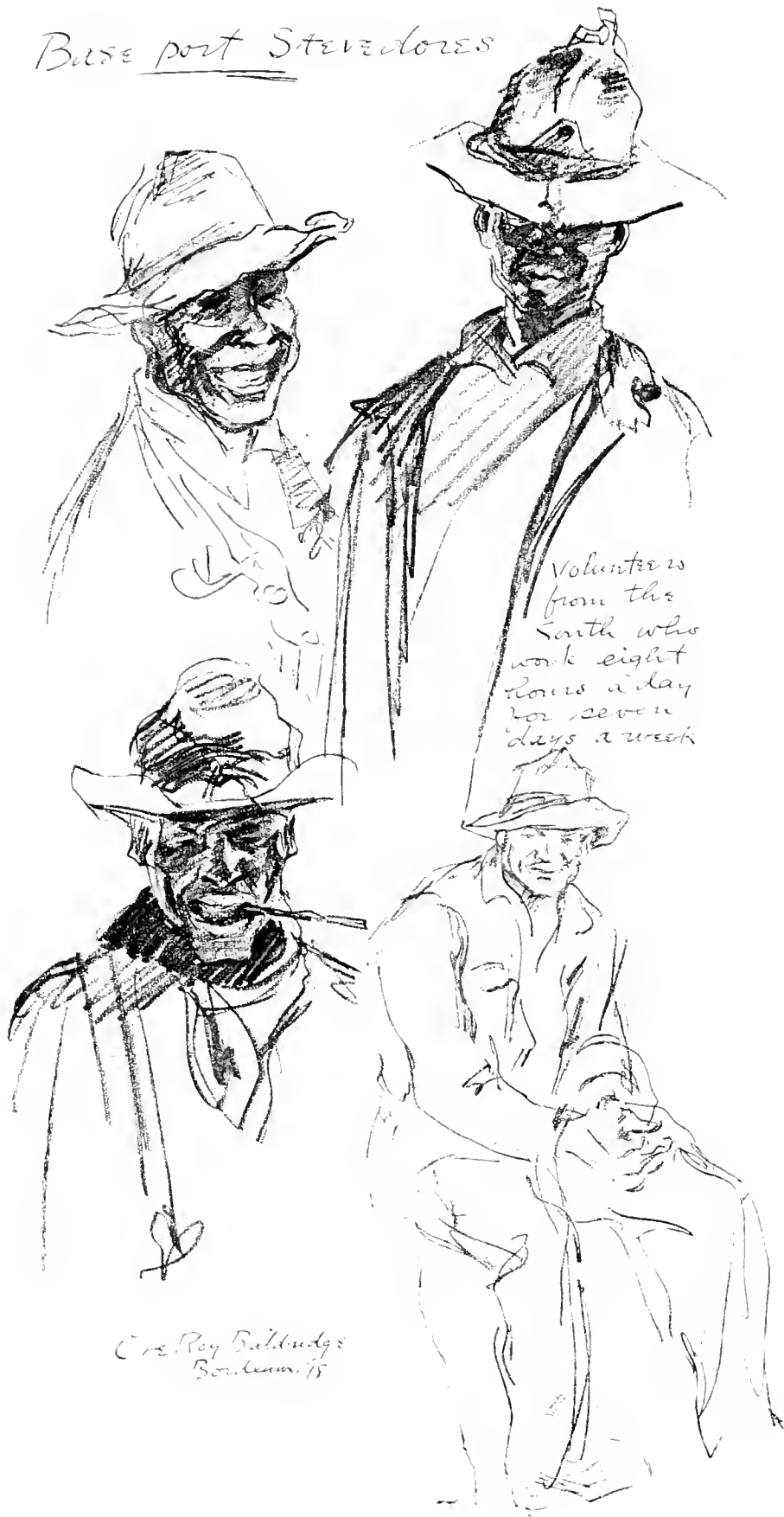


R. Lufbery

Sketched at the  
Lafayette Escadrille  
field near Longport  
as the aviator  
was getting into  
his "union suit"  
preparatory to  
flying in a  
Stommes des Dunes  
aerobics unit

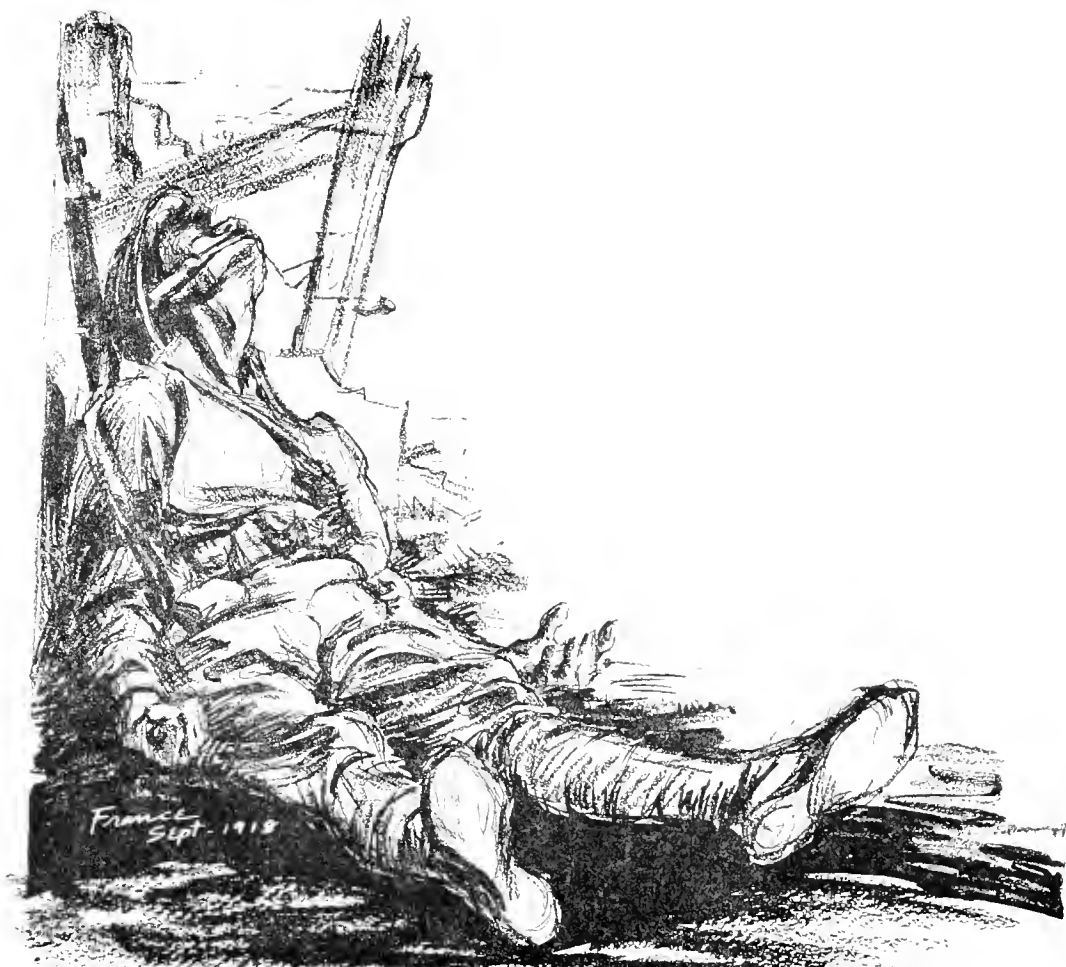
Charles Balaud

Base port Stevedores





+ 20 persons beyond Twin  
moving toward Cassamy  
wood. 1918.  
Mule and Prairie Schooner in  
a country made desert by war.



C. Le Roy Baldridge

The end of his service



Veterans  
of the  
Marne



C. L. Roy Baldridge Pvt Inf

## POILU

When we left the transport  
Back in St. Nazaire,  
Second thing you asked us,  
“Quand finit la guerre?”  
Didn't know your lingo  
You weren't hard to get,  
Peace was what you wanted –  
And a cigarette.

Then up in the trenches  
It was just the same,  
“When's it going to finish?”  
Didn't seem quite game.  
Then we saw you strafing,  
Saw we had you wrong,  
Wondered how you stood it  
Four years long.

Drank your sour pinard,  
Shared what smokes we had,  
Got to know you better,  
Found you weren't so bad,  
Four years in the trenches!  
(One's enough, I'll say)  
How the hell'd you do it  
On five sous a day?



Chemin des Dames 47

Pot. C. Le Roy Balbridge



Chas. Roy Baldridge  
France 17

American being  
taught by Frenchman  
to drive truck so  
that the latter  
may return to  
his farm.



Young men of the  
 Chinook tribe (English) near  
 Astoria, Ore. (1892). The  
 first one is holding a  
 spear. The second one  
 is holding a bow. The  
 third one is holding a  
 bow. The fourth one  
 is holding a bow. The  
 fifth one is holding a  
 bow. The sixth one  
 is holding a bow. The  
 seventh one is holding  
 a bow. The eighth one  
 is holding a bow. The  
 ninth one is holding a  
 bow. The tenth one  
 is holding a bow. The  
 eleventh one is holding  
 a bow. The twelfth one  
 is holding a bow. The  
 thirteenth one is holding  
 a bow. The fourteenth  
 one is holding a bow.



بن عبد الله بن عبد الله  
Arabian Knight



ابراهيم بن ابراهيم  
Between druzs he

works on the  
railroad

الحاج بن الحاج  
An other days

he rides a  
camel in  
Algeria

Baldwin





1917

Senegalese types  
volunteers used for  
the attack and for  
labor on roads

C. Le Roy Baldridge  
Vandy 1917





The announcer  
- public priest  
who marches  
with the  
troops

Of the  
youngest  
class

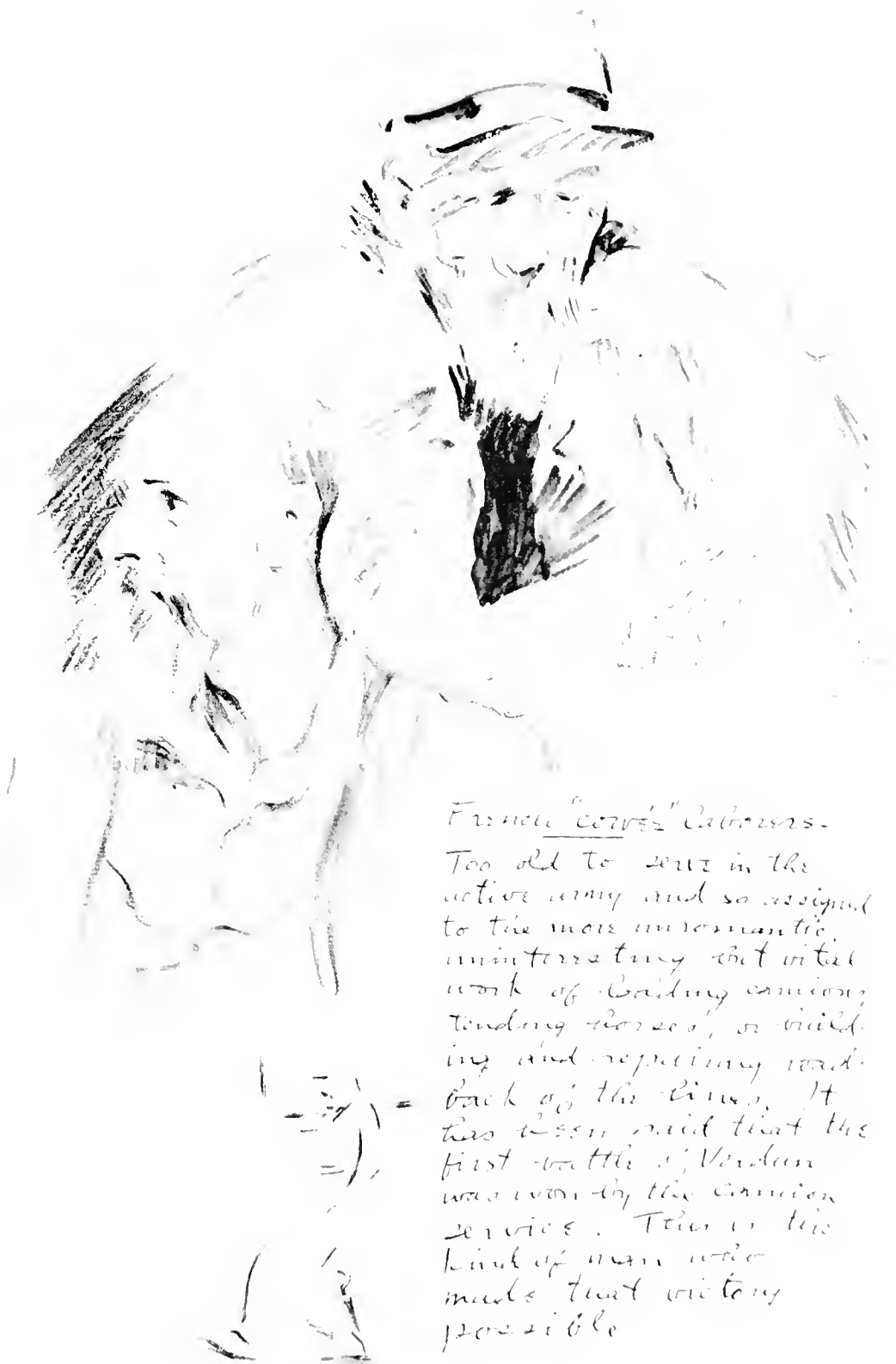
2 pages  
of the class  
of 1880  
in the  
Baltimore  
Museum of Art

—  
He handles  
a big naval  
gun mounted  
on rail road  
cars near  
Scissons  
—



Baldrige  
1918

Un canonnier marin sur le front



French "convoys" Carters.

Too old to serve in the active army and so assigned to the more unromantic, uninteresting but vital work of guiding convoys, tending horses, or building and repairing roads back of the lines. It has been said that the first battle of Verdun was won by the Convoys service. There is the kind of man who made that victory possible.





Ck/2m Baldridge  
France 17

Tout sector days -  
Waiting for something to  
happen -



the Grand House

A. M. L. L.  
1917



A wounded Chassem  
and  
"Fritz" who has the next cat.  
They got the same treatment and  
neither seems to mind the proximity

Heinrich

Barbours 17



An American ambulance at  
a port de secours (just air station)  
Ostel 1917



An old trench  
in the Argonne near Montfaucon





Chapman's 1844

3/11/3

## THAT QUIET SECTOR

Four hours off — two hours on —  
And not a thing to do but think,  
And watch the mud and twisted wire  
And never let your peepers blink.

Two hours on - four hours off  
The dug-out's slimy as the trench;  
It stinks of leather, men, and smoke, —  
You wake up dopey from the stench.

Four hours off    two hours on —  
Back on the same old trick again,  
The same old noth'n' to do at all  
From yesterday till God knows when.  
On post or not it's just the same,  
The waiting is what gets your goat  
And makes you want to chuck the game  
Or risk a trench-knife in your throat.

Two hours on - four hours off —  
I s'pose our job is not so hard, —  
I s'pose sometime we're going to quit —  
. . . . .

The ghosts we leave — do they stand guard?



Pvt. C. Le Roy, Bull's Ridge, France



The water wagon  
filled with red-hot  
coffee going to the  
ration dump via  
shell fire and  
not losing any  
time about  
it - (outside Belleau  
wood - June '18



He's been on  
every front from  
Chateau-Thierry  
to the Rhine

Chas. Baldridge

Coblenz - 1919





At the former street  
cleaning up old quarry  
used by Fritz as a  
tracks - Chas. to Dinos



Capt. Cog Ballbridge

"Wagon Soldiers"  
(pictures for art. Coy. 1900)





Chas. R. Ralphy  
Pvt. Inf. AEF  
France Aug. 1915

Made in America

"Marraines" (godmothers)

who kept their  
poilu godsons  
at the front in  
good cheer with  
letters and pack-  
ages from home,  
and who took  
their Yank cousins  
to their hearts  
in the same  
kindly spirit



in Paris  
and the  
provinces

A type to match  
the ideal of every  
man who looks



Belding 917



"Papa Perrin"  
 Soissons  
 1917

Baker

No one knows where the poils  
 slung about "Pinard" came  
 from, but everyone knows  
 what it means. It's half  
 way between water and red  
 wine, with the kick mostly  
 in the taste. It is served as  
 an army ration. The poils's  
 canteen is always full of it.



"We aint no thin red 'roes,  
"Nor we  
aren't no  
blackguards  
too," —





One of the  
Gendarmes - M.P.  
teams of Paris  
patrolling the  
boulevards. They  
have authority over all  
junk and peddlers.

- C. Le Roy Baldridge -

Belgian  
Types



Le Roy Baldridge



The Tommy  
nontdiddier  
1918

C. R. Bellidge  
France 19



in the month  
of July

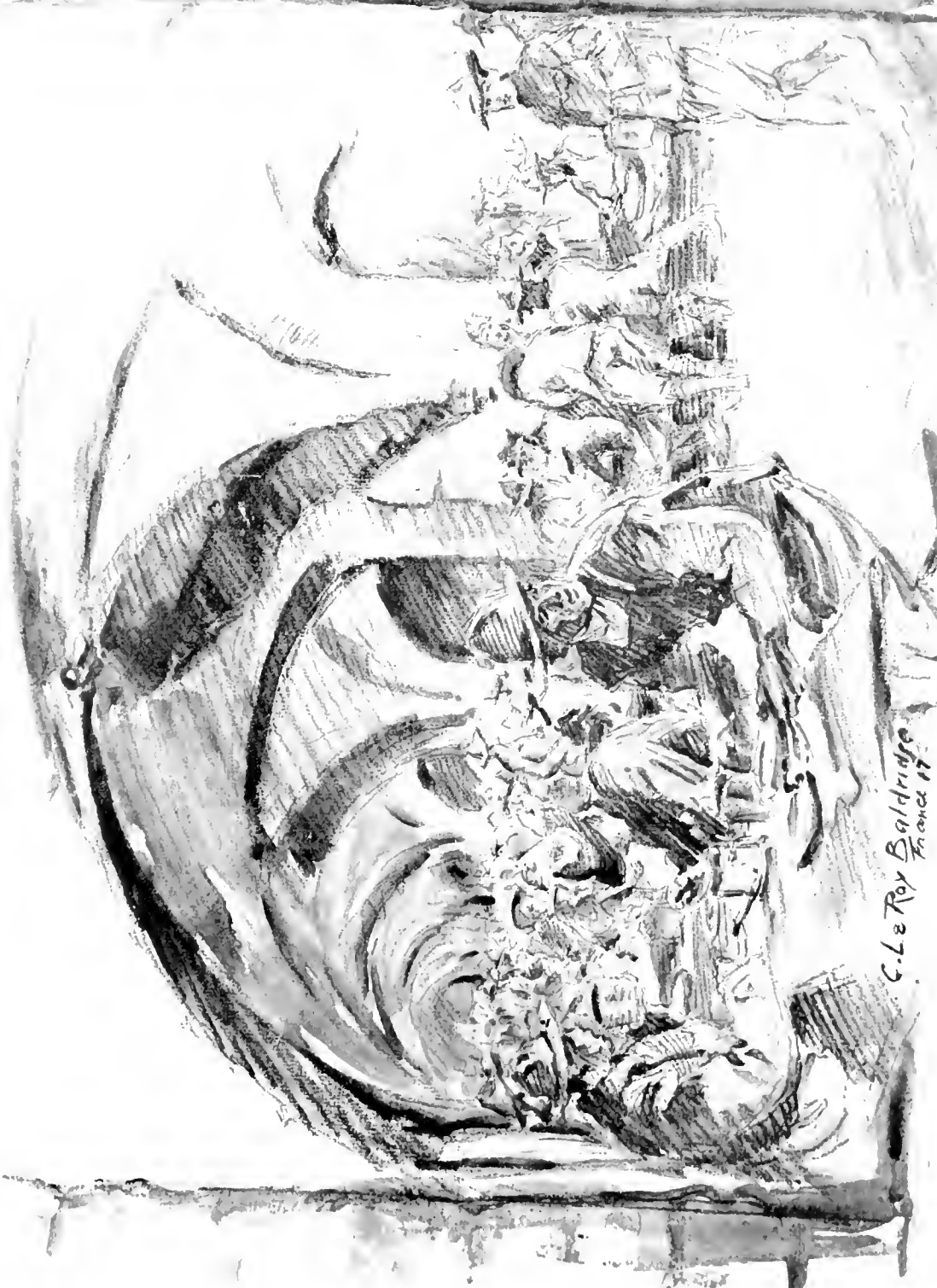
France  
R.B.





Caught by a star shell at a listening post, and attempting to "jazz" with  
a rabbit with the hunter upon him, to look so much like a camp of  
mud as possible until the glare dies down





C. L. B. 1893

Handwritten text, possibly a title or description, located at the bottom of the page.

French Colonial  
Types

White,  
black,  
and  
half-  
way.



From  
Algeria



Algeria



From Morocco

"Kamarad!"

Not  
Freemasons

The  
Interpreter

"P. G's" (prisonniers de guerre)  
who are keeping in  
physical trim by lumber  
work in a forest where once  
the kings of France took  
their morning walks

— Raiding the Station 1915



A link going on leave  
 having a midnight cup  
 of "vin rouge" in a compart-  
 ment of a Bernissartian

Train - with a sergeant-quinze punier, a sailor from a submarine, a  
 Cissac, an aviation sergeant, and several infantrymen. For the next  
 ten days of "permission" these men can forget war.

C. E. P. Beldridge  
 en route - Nice 1918





Coming Out!  
& dirty, tired  
and  
grinning!

Chateau Thierry  
June - 1918

Bulldridge





MAIL !  
Brought us  
to the front by his  
action & tact

W. H. L. G.



Forty feet  
underground  
in an old stone  
quarry formerly  
used by the Indians  
as barracks.

Near Fort Madison

Chas. R. K. Dodge  
France



The Room of the Soldier's Wife

This is the cellar of the house. The house above  
 in Longre exists. For the living she washes  
 clothes for the soldiers. The daughter with two  
 young children is a prisoner in Belgium. A  
 blind grandfather lives in the cave.



"Lui"



Poulet

This  
one  
has  
won three  
army  
citations



"la soupe"



liaison  
dog  
to  
carry  
messages



Red  
Cross  
dog



Jack-  
a  
Yank  
volunteer



French dogs loaned by private families  
and trained by the army for use as Red Cross  
aids, sentinels, and message carriers.  
Intelligence the only qualification - my breed goes



Kénaro



Saïd

Two dogs  
who worked  
together at  
Verdun



Picard



Sutane



Marraine



Filon



"Mort pour la Patrie"

# The O.D. Circuit



"Pull  
the  
shades  
down  
Mary  
Ann"

A love song from  
The East -

Our own  
jazz band



"Coming out" after the Washington Birthday Raid" Chemin des Dames - 1915 -



origin  
of



An African Mohammedan,  
An Indo-Chinese Annamite  
and a prisoner  
who all crack  
rocks nine  
hours a day  
for the roads  
to France



Ch. Ray Baldridge









French  
Colonials  
from  
northern  
Africa  
used in  
shock troops

First regiment  
Zouave

Chas Baldridge  
France 18

## SALVAGE

I'll be stepping wide in these russet shoes!  
Leather putts beside, honest I can't lose!  
Guess the guy that had 'em left 'em in a hurry!  
    What the hell, he's S. O. L.  
        I should worry.

    "That's my second razor!"  
    "Then gimme the blades."  
    "Whatcha got there, Buddy?"  
    "Pair of tailor-mades!"

I'll be walking on air! Yes... they was the top's!  
He won't need 'em out there — if a big one drops.  
    "Going to keep that sweater?"  
    "No, look at the dirt."  
    "Put that on you, Buddy,  
    .     "You'll have to read your shirt!"

If I get that leave I can use 'em to dance.  
Well, I should grieve, — he had his chance.  
    "Nothing doing! Beat it!"  
    "Saw that luger first!"  
    "Ten francs says I want it."  
    "Done. I'll cure this thirst."

Brand-new russet shoes, I'll be stepping high!  
Someone's got to lose, glad I ain't the guy.  
If I'm going to use 'em, guess I'll have to hurry,  
    The next H. E. may be meant for me —  
        I should worry!





*The Summer Cottage*



and in a certain way  
but I am not a son  
and everything else is true.

Ch. R. B. B. B. B.

France 1911

# Lafayette Escadrille, Men -

Marius -  
who helps  
keep the  
big  
planes  
in  
order

Pilot



Loupont  
France  
Nov-17

Observer

Chas Roy Baldridge







C/1 Coy Baldwin's  
Frontier  
18

Making screens from  
brushwood at timber  
for use on army  
roads



The Signal Corps

St. Albans, Hertfordshire  
France T



France, Aug. 1918

C. Roy Bullard Jr. Pvt. Inf.

The gold star



Both under Arms

The "pepins" of  
the '89 class  
and the  
"Marie-Louise"  
of the  
last  
call

Cliff Dahlridge  
France 10

Café group of  
poilus listening to  
an American popular  
song for the first  
time, sung by members  
of The American  
Field Service





Home



Some of  
the first  
ones

Cherpy Balbridge  
France 1918



LeRoy Ballou

Feet



Vaux - the town American  
artillery blew off,  
the map (together  
with the German  
inhabitants)





Depots built for German  
officers near Sorssons  
used by them in 1915.  
Decked out with ce-  
ment and mosaic floors,  
paper on the walls,  
tile roofs and  
stained glass win-  
dows. Used by  
our troops in 1918

~~Depot built for German officers near Sorssons used by them in 1915. Decked out with cement and mosaic floors, paper on the walls, tile roofs and stained glass windows. Used by our troops in 1918~~



Baldridge  
Am Hospital No 5

The American  
Trained Nurse



What one man  
is fighting for

Clayton Baldridge  
Soissons - 1917





Ch Roy Baldridge C. A. E. F.

### "Once upon a time."

Before leaving home  
 700,000 doughboys  
 contributed enough to  
 support 3,400,000  
 war orphans for one  
 year, and the Stars  
 and Stripes newspapers  
 left nearly two million  
 francs toward their  
 education.

# Annamites

French colonial  
troops from  
Indo-China

(Blackened  
teeth  
as an  
aid to  
health and  
beauty)



In  
Javanese  
pipe and  
a French  
brquette  
to light  
it with



These paid col-  
onials were  
used as attack-  
ing troops, as  
labourers on  
roads and  
as drivers  
of light  
trucks

C. Sergeant Tam  
Ligny-Sur-Loire

(LeRoy Baldridge  
France • 1914)



The "white wing"  
of the French front—

but when he  
puts on his  
tired marching  
order it means  
there's an  
attack  
coming



A king  
in his own  
country



## EQUIPMENT C

The Loot is getting wabbly,  
With his dinky little pack, –  
He can hear the sergeant cussing  
But he doesn't dare look back.

But we ain't saying nothing  
Since we got the order "route,"  
Two dog-dead for even wond'ring  
If we'll ever hear "fall out."

My damn rifle and my helmet  
Keep on getting in the way,  
And my brains are numb and dopey  
Try'n' to cuss and try'n' to pray.

My throat's as dry as sawdust  
And my right arm's gone to sleep,  
And the pack-strap on my shoulder  
Cuts a slit two inches deep.

I just lift one foot and shove it  
And it hits most any place,  
Then I lift and shove the other  
T'keep from falling on my face.

If the guide should change the cadence  
I'll be damned if I could stop;  
If you pushed me with a feather -  
Well, I'd just curl up and drop.

And I know damn well there's stragglers  
That'll ride up on a truck –  
Guess if you ain't born a quitter,  
You're just simply out of luck.

I suppose we'll keep on going –  
Huh? The Skipper's faced about?  
Halt!... I'm dreaming...in the daisies...  
You don't need...to say... "fall out!"





Pfc. Henry Baldridge



For some of us  
The war will  
never end.

C. LeRoy B. <sup>and family</sup>  
1919





Mess and distribution  
of mail at the "Mon-  
con" school for the  
M. T. C. at Long point

Henry Baldridge  
1917



For from Burendary - S. R. O.  
Burendary 1917 at 1/4 of a day



*Dressing a  
gas burn case*





...the ...  
...ing ...  
...to ...  
...at ...



Americans quartered  
in the old abbey  
St John de Vinc of  
Scissons in the  
spring of '18

Balbridge





All the Same Family  
 Home who tends  
 sleep with  
 his assistant,



Leroy



The  
 Teacher  
 as French



Jean, who  
 comes around  
 at mess time  
 for "Confiance  
 American"  
 and who has  
 learned how  
 to say "C'est  
 bon" and  
"C'est la vie."

And Fern picked  
 the Spuds

Their last war



Baldridge-  
Chateau Thierry - France 1918



The town of Luffes  
(San Aisne) held by the  
Germans till 1916.  
When the old inhabi-  
tants began moving  
back in; they were  
assisted in re-establishing  
their rigs there by the  
American Red Cross

This site of the  
house of Madame  
Crepin where the  
Red Cross set up a  
barrack cottage for  
her.



Reims  
Nov 18  
Baldridge



The glory of Reims

Cosmo Baldridge  
Reims - Nov. 1918



Cut off from rations  
for three days in the  
wood - with one can of  
tomatoes for both  
food and drink -



A sixteen year old  
volunteer



By Baldur, —

## “MADELON”

It seemed years since I had seen one, —  
Years of hiking, sweat and blood,  
Didn't think there was a clean one  
In these miles of men and mud.

Well, I stood there, laughing, drinking,  
Kidding her in bon fransay  
But the things that I was thinking  
Were a thousand miles away.

Sewed my stripe on like a mother,  
Gee! She was a pretty kid....  
But I left her like a brother, —  
Shake her hand was all I did.

Then I says: “Vous, all right, cherry ”  
And my throat stuck, and it hurt....  
And I showed her what I carry  
In the pocket of my shirt.





(Maison Comtois)  
Paris

St. Louis, Mo.



A second floor  
billet

Outpost at  
Hersbach  
Germany

Madelon of the  
village, who washed  
our clothes - and  
who still has  
some of those we  
had to leave  
when we were  
pulled out  
of the sector  
in the middle  
of the  
night



C. Le Roy Bulbridge

Neat but  
not  
gandy



As we came  
home - on the  
transport —



C. R. Roy Baldridge  
 Birman Akien 1919

Troops coming from  
 the west, no way to  
 and stop to eat at a time  
 then the doughy marks too  
 from the section with them  
 in forget side by side at  
 Sorrow.

Officer 4  
Hommes 4



France 1919  
Ready to go Home

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a person's face, heavily shadowed and distorted, appearing as a negative or heavily processed image. The image is grainy and has a stark, almost abstract quality. The person's features are barely discernible against the dark background, with the left side of the face (viewer's right) being more illuminated. The overall effect is one of mystery and intensity.



General Police Secretary - The President - H. Buchanan



Blue denim  
for the  
trip home

S. S. Canada  
1919





Baldridge  
Dec. 1918

Outpost at Molsberg, Germany,  
in ancient castle which stands  
just on the edge of the American  
occupied area and the Neutral  
Zone.

## NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

We stood up and we didn't say a word,  
It felt just like when you have dropped your pack  
After a hike, and straightened out your back  
And seem just twice as light as any bird.

We stood up straight and, God! but it was good!  
When you have crouched like that for months, to stand  
Straight up and look right out toward No-Man's-Land  
And feel the way you never thought you could.

We saw the trenches on the other side  
And Jerry, too, not making any fuss,  
But prob'ly stupid-happy, just like us.  
Nobody shot and no one tried to hide.

If you had listened then I guess you'd heard  
A sort of sigh from everybody there,  
But all we did was stand and stare and stare,  
Just stare and stand and never say a word.



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